Five and a Half—Patched.

I am a bachelor, an old bachelor; at least that's what my nieces—pretty, clever, lovable girls—call me. I occupy, and have occupied for the past year, a suite of remarkably pleasant rooms the front windows looking on a city park, and the back on a garden made delightful by two fine old peach tree, a heavy grape-vine, and a sweet-smelling wisteria.

These cheerful rooms are part and parcel of Mrs. Midget's boarding-house. No, I am wrong. Mrs. Midget—Mr. Midget was lost at sea five years ago—does not keep a boarding-house, but takes a few select boarders, of whom she is pleased to intimate she considers me the selectest.

Wonderfully comfortable the "few select" and it in Mrs. Midget's shady, old-fashioned, neatly kept, three-story house.

"Everything the wax," my oldest sister says when she comes to visit me, which is about once in four weeks—a day or two after my magazines have arrived.

"And the landlady," I invariably reply, "isn't she awful cunning?—so demure in her ways and speech for such a wee thing and so pretty, with her bright blue eyes and yellow hair!"

But Maria, I can't divine why, pretends not to hear me, or else repeats, with scornful emphasis, "Awful cunning!"

The fact is, I'm so much among my kinswomen that I often find myself, when I wish to be particularly emphatic, borrowing their queer adjectives and peculiar forms of expression.

"Indeed, uncle," said Charley to me the other day—named for me. Charlotte (Charles, as near as they could get at it)—"you're beginning to talk like a girl—and at your time of life too!" And I didn't feel at all insulted; for if all girls talk as well as my nieces, I consider Charley's remark rather a compliment than otherwise.

As for Mrs. Midget herself, she's such a tot of a woman that I feel like laughing outright every time I look at her, perched on a pile of music-books placed on a chair—the chair itself taller than any of the "few selects"—at the head of the dinning table. Indeed, only the other day, when she asked in a solemn manner, fixing her blue eyes on my face, and lifting a large soup ladle in her mite of a hand, if I would have some soup, I did burst out laughing, she looked so very like a little girl playing dinner with her mother's dinner set.

The miniature woman laid down the ladle and gazed at me in surprise.

"Mrs. Midget, I beg your pardon," said I. "I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Midget, and returned to the soup.

I'm a romantic fellow—there, you see how naturally I fall in my niece's way—love poetry, music, flowers (Mrs. Midget always has a posy ready for me in summer time, which she pins into my button hole with her own fair hands; and I assure you it's not at all unpleasant to have her standing on the tips of her toes to reach it, with her small round head just touching my chin,) and the fair sex.

Yes, old bachelor as I am, I love, and always have loved, the fair sex; and I really think it is because I love them so well I still remain unmarried. I never could make up my mind that one of all those I admired was prettier, brighter, and sweeter than the other, and as I wanted the sweetest, prettiest and brighest, I have been in a dilemma all my life. But I've always meant to, and my intention is stronger than ever since the day I picked up the little patched glove on Broadway in front of Stewart's.

I feel convinced that the owner of that glove is the wife for me. I wear it next my heart. Silly? Not a bit of it. No single man could help wearing a glove like that near his heart.

Five and a half, a pretty mouse color; every finger well filled out, scarcely a crease in them—she must be plump; a faint smell of rose (as a general thing, with the exception of honest cologne, I detest perfumes, but if I can endure any it is rose, calling to mind, as it does, bees, butterflies, flowers and all that sort of thing,) and the cunningest patch in the palm of the hand.

Now I'd never seen a patch in a glove before, so it struck me as something odd, and I examined it critically. The manner in which that patch was sewed in told me the wearer of the glove was neat and methodical; the fine silken stitches used in sewing the patch in, that she was dainty, the fact that the color of the patch exactly matched that of the glove, that she was constant, true to one shade.

Then I imagined her personal appearance; soft brown eyes, chestnut hair, slight but plump figure, feet to correspond with her hands—decidedly graceful and altogether very attractive.

"I'll wager she sings, plays and dances well." I said to myself, in conclusion; is not rich, or she would not patch her glove, or poor, or she would not wear 'kids.'"

I must find her!

All very well to say, but how to find her? A "personal," if it met her soft brown eyes, would frighten so modest a little creature and she would be likely to hide herself instead of allowing herself to be found.

Shall I show my treasures to my nieces, and ask them if they can give me any clue to the original possessor?

Pshaw! the teasing things would make no end of fun of me.

By Jove! where have my wits been? I'll see what Mrs. Midget says about it. She's by far the most sensible woman of my acquaintance and very sympathetic, and is at this moment sitting alone in the dining room in a low rocking chair, with a giant work-basket by her side and a heap of stockings in her lap.

"There, my dear Mrs. Midget, is the glove. You will see at once that is all my fancy painted it;" and I placed it in the landlady's little hand.

Over went the big work-basket on the floor, as Mrs. Midget, throwing herself back in a paroxysm of laughter, came near going over, too, her absurdly small feet kicking wildly in the air for a moment, until I had restored the rocking chair to its equilibrium.

"Shall I pick up the things, Mrs. Midget?" said I, as soon as she had ceased laughing, rather put out, to tell the truth, by her strange conduct, so unlike the sympathy I had expected.

"Yes—no—if you please—I don't care," stammered Mrs. Midget, in a voice very different from her every-day one, and with the loveliest rose color in her cheeks. As I thought I detected the fragrance of rose apparently emanating from a spool of thread I held in my hand, and remembered the glove.

"Did you drop the glove, Mrs. Midget?" asked I, seriously.

"No," replied she, opening a we hand, and showing it, crumpled it into a little heap. "Take it, and oh! please, say no more about it. It's too—too—too ridiculous," and off she went again.

"Mrs. Midget," said I, "what are you laughing at?"

"I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus," said she, with a saucy look I had never seen before in her blue eyes.

"I'm convinced you know the owner of the glove," said I. "It's an old maid whom nature has sought to compensate for lack of other charms by giving her a perfect hand, or a grandmother who still wears five and a half, though her complexion has fled and hair departed. You know—I'm sure of it; and though you completely shatter my beautiful dream, you must tell me." And in my excitement I—quite unintentionally—put my arm around her slender waist.

"Well, if I must, I must," said Mrs. Midget. "Prepare for a fearful blow. The glove is mine!"

Mrs. Midget is no longer a widow, and I am no longer a bachelor.

Now, what in the world is the matter, in Minnesota? The Republicans have just adopted a platform containing the following tariff plank: "We hold that the doctrine that protection protects the laboring classes of America is a delusion and a snare; that the laboring man of this country necessarily competes with the pauper labor of the whole world, while the manufacturer is protected and made rich at the expense of all."

That is Democratic doctrine—from whatever source it comes and by whom soever promulgated. The Iowa State Democratic platform contains a plank almost identical with the above and the signs of the times all over the country point unmistakeable to an overthrow of this misnomer.

"Protection" does not protect. It is a curse. It robs the poor to make the rich richer. It has been used by political tricksters and crafty monopolists as long as it can be used. It will not bear investigation and must go. The whole scheme of "protection" is a mere farce. There is nothing right in it.

"Protection" is a very good thing for the monopolist and the rich manufacturer who regard their workmen as so many machines. Yet a wealthy manufacturer of protected articles in this city, a man who howls loudest for "protection to American labor," who talks "protection," on any and every occasion, a short time ago found it to his interests to sneak down to Washington to lobby for a bill to reduce the tariff upon certain imported materials which he must use. Protect us from such consistency!

Who are the men to-day who cry out for "protection," "protection" always more "protection?" Who spend time and money and exert their utmost influence to continue the outrageous scheme of robbery? The rich manufacturers—every time; and a few demagogues who seek political advancement by advocating the scheme.

The workingmen don't want "protection"—such as they now receive. Bona fide protection is not found in the "protection" camp.

Think a moment. Out of thousands upon thousands of American institutions of learning, there is but one which teaches the principal of the High Protective Tariff. There are very few logical text books upon that side of the question and fewer intelligent men who will use them. There is not a labor leader, reformer—what you will—any man who stands high in the cause of the advancement of honest labor, who advocates that principle.

There never was a truer plank ever written than that of the Minnesota Republicans above given. No matter whether it was adopted by the Republicans, or Democrats, or Hottentots—it is true and it is going to prevail. The High Protective Tariff must go.

When Democrats and Republicans stand thus upon precisely the same platform, why not join hands and crush out of existence a thing which both know to be wrong?—*Akron Times.*

Had His Arm Taken Off.

Brother George: "Girls, did you hear what a sad thing happened to Fred Jones yesterday?"

Girls (in alarm): "No, what is it?"

Brother G.: "The poor fellow had to have his arm taken off."

Girls: "Oh, how terrible! How did it happen?"

Brother G.: "Well, it happened on the tenis ground. He was sitting by Mrs. Smith; they were then alone, when suddenly he put his arm around her."

Girls: "Well, go on. What then? What happened?"

Brother G.: "Well, it was then it had to be taken off."—*Life.*

THE POET'S DEATH-SONG.

The recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the South has produced, lends peculiar interest to his lofty strain of final triumph which appeared in the May number of *Harper's Magazine.* Mr. Hayne early devoted himself to literature, and his name is associated with nearly all the best American magazines, especially the Southern ones, several of which, though short-lived, rose to eminence under his editorship. When the war deprived him of his fortune he still continued true to his standard. His picturesque little home near Augusta, furnished with what ancestral goods he managed to save in the destruction of Charleston, has been the scene of his labors for twenty years. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumption made him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in this poem, which, though written two years ago, by a strange coincidence was published just before the writer was permitted to verify its truth. We repeat it for those who may not have seen it in *Harper's Magazine.*

Face to Face.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of Truth be born:
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night:
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest:
And still, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impearled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat:
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
For voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals:
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with bateless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

On the 17th of June last there assembled at the Neil House in Columbus, eleven men, purporting to hold the third annual session of the Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Association of the United States. It is now claimed that the whole thing was an advertising scheme gotten up by the agents of the Arnold evaporator. Mr. Bonham, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, pronounce the Association and all connected with it, so far as he knows, genuine frauds, while W. J. Green, horticulturist of the Ohio Agricultual Experimental Station, says he is prepared to prove that no such association was known to exist; that the names of the alleged officers are unknown; that the parties holding the meeting did not register; that those who met gave ficticious names, and some of them are quack doctors and dead-beats; that less than twenty were present; that the entire purpose was to advertise a fruit evaporator; that the Arnold dryer is worthless, and the whole affair has been a first-class snide throughout.—*Bee.*

A Connecticut farmer cured a balky horse in this manner: He drove him attached to a wagon rack, to the woodlot for a load of wood. He did not beat him, but tied him to a tree, and let him stand. He went to the lot at sunset and tried to make him draw, but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the yard he would draw that load of wood. I went to the barn, got blankets, and covered the horse warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down, and he was hungry and lonesome. He drew that load the first time I tried him. I returned, got another load before I fed him, and have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but as soon as he saw me start for the house, he started after me with the load of wood."

Auditor Brewster of Hamilton county has decided after much patient legal research that money invested by citizens of this State in stocks of railroads and other corporations outside of Ohio, is taxable. Heretofore money so invested has escaped taxation. He has already gotten many such citizens of Cincinnati "on his list," and intends to collect all the taxes due on money so invested. Under a law passed last winter taxes on personal property that has not been listed can be collected back to 1881. Under this decision of Auditor Brewster the Springer estate, for example, will owe the county $277,860 in taxes and penalty. If the decision is legal, Hamilton county will probably be several million dollars richer. But a legal battle will have to be fought before the taxes will be paid.

Throat-all seldom gets well of itself, but deepens until it undermines the constitution, wastes away health, strength and flesh, and finally fastens itself on the lungs, completing the wreck and ruin of the whole man. Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure is the only safe, sure and speedy remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung diseases. Sold by J. C. Saur at fifty cents and one dollar. Pleasant to take and safe for children.

Collapsed.

Tiffin *Advertiser:* We appreciate the following; whence it comes we know not, but it's worth reading: "Yes," said the farmer's boy, "I thought I did a terribly clever thing when I had that solid lead hen made to fool the hawks. And for a time it did work well.—They'd swoop down on it and tackle it and try at it and get fearfully disgusted and give it up and go and sit on that tall oak tree and think cuss words. But one day an eagle tried it. By hookey he lifted it and got up a couple of hundred feet right over our house, before he concluded to let it go. Down it came, square through the roof and on the kitchen stove where dinner was cooking. You never saw things scattered so and the way it frightened mother and the hired girl was awful. We had to eat a cold dinner that day, and Pap had to get a new stove and pots and kettles and it took him two days to fix the roof, and he gave me the darndest licking I ever got in my life."

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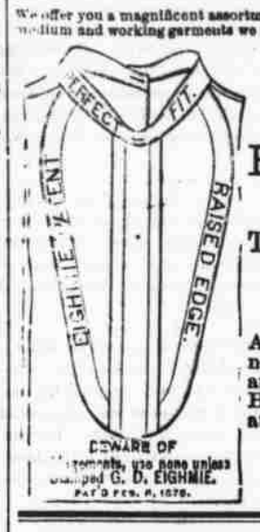

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BY mutual consent the partnership existing between Klingelhofer & Sigg has this day been dissolved, the said J. E. Klingelhofer continuing partner assumes all debts of said firm and collects all accounts and pays all indebtedness pertaining to said firm. J. E. KLINGELHOFER, CHARLES SIGG.

Florida, Ohio, July 3, 1886. jly 8-4t *

W. F. BAUM,

Surveyor and Civil Engineer.

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Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Levi Pittman, deceased.

THE undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administratrix of the estate of Levi Pittman, late of Henry county, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 17th day of June, A. D. 1886.

SUSANNAH PITTMAN.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.